

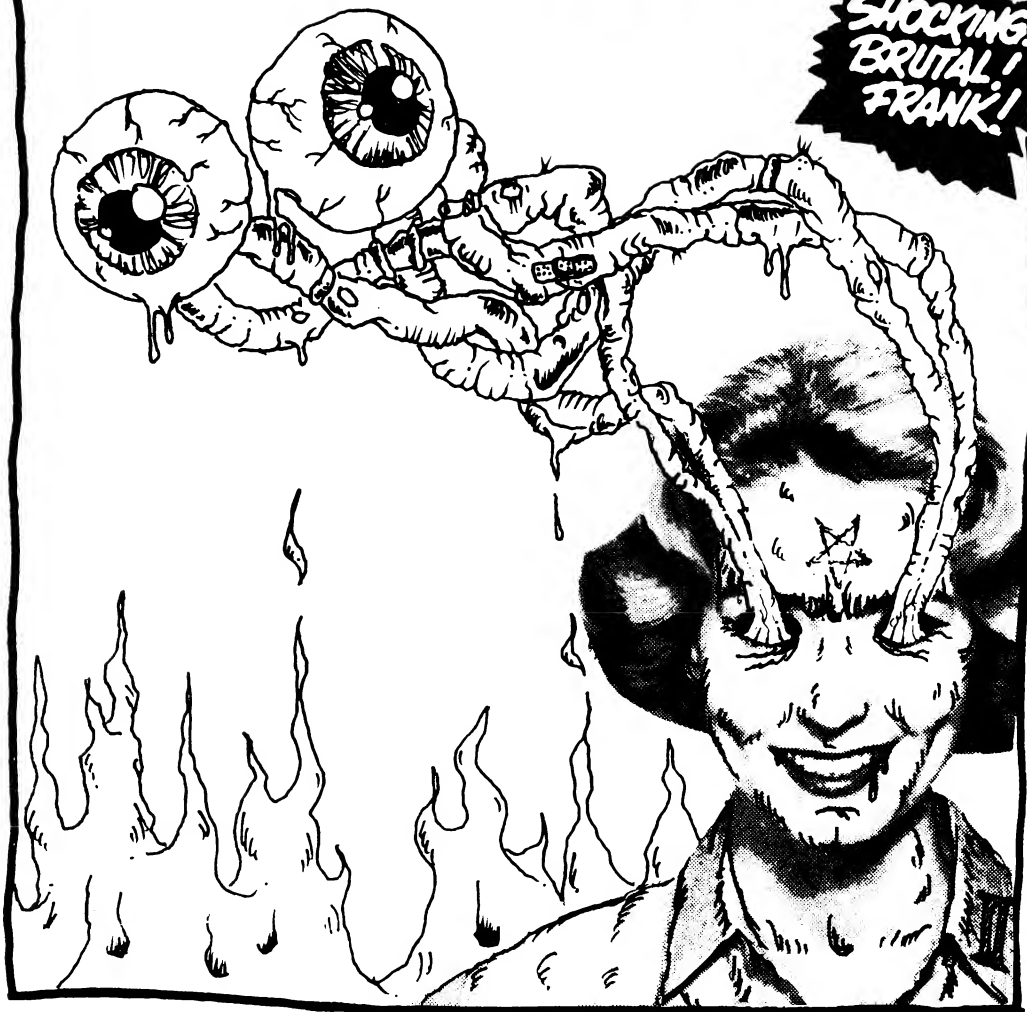
# SAVAGE

## WHITE TRASH

R

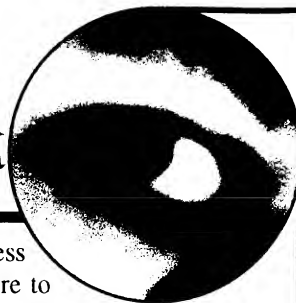
No.  
1

SHOCKING!  
BRUTAL!  
FRANK!



# **Savage** **WHITE TRASH**

P.O. BOX 331, BLAXLAND,  
N.S.W, AUSTRALIA, 2774.



Hail to a new era in Blue Mountains underground press  
(not that there was much of an underground press here to  
begin with or even much of an underground for that matter)...

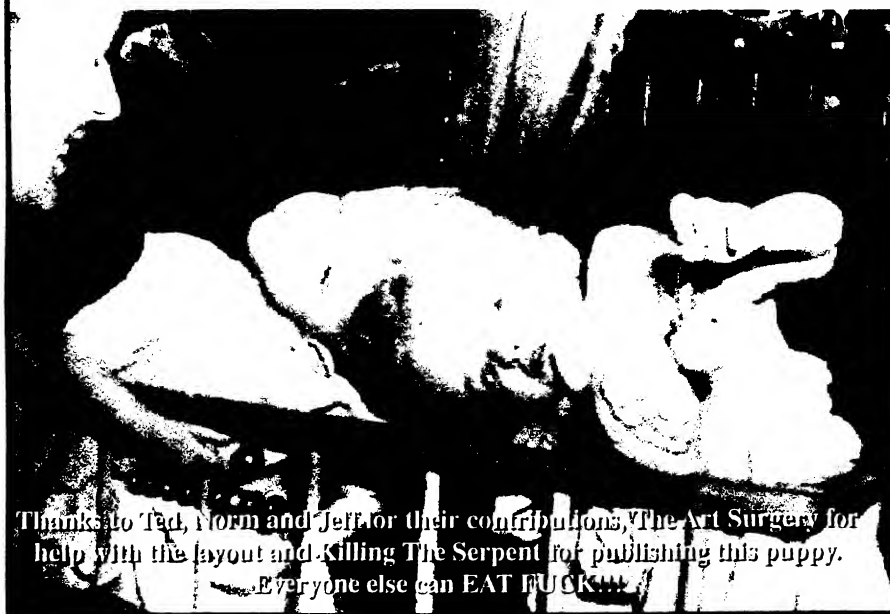
## **...SAVAGE WHITE TRASH.**

Sitting around all day drinking beer, smoking cigarettes and watching Mexican snuff can only keep you busy for so long in the Mountains, so myself and my compadre C.O.Jones decided it was time to jump on the 'zine bandwagon and start pissing everywhere. With the casual assistance of a couple of locals, who will contribute from time to time, myself and Jones will bring you **SWT** on a fairly irregular basis depending on how we feel at any given time.

If you choose to dislike or entirely miss the humour in **SWT** then let us know, we could do with a laugh at your expense, but remember we give as good as we get. We'll be able to weather your criticism, will you weather ours? So think very carefully before you write. Maybe you might want to get your pimp to write your letters for you.

Anyhow, enough of the intro bulldust, it's time you sunk your neglected, yellowing teeth into the meat that is **Savage White Trash**.

**Mitch Helium**



Thanks to Ted, Norm and Jeff for their contributions, The Art Surgery for  
help with the layout and Killing The Serpent for publishing this puppy.

Everyone else can EAT FUCK!!!

# CUNTENTS

WHY I'D KILL YOU...IF I COULD BE  
BOTHERED - Mitch Helium

YOU AND YOUR FUCKING ALIENS  
- Mitch Helium

MEAT IS BAD FOR YOUR CUNT - Ted

GIRL TALK(CARTOON) - Ted

CONFESSIONS OF A SNOWDRÖPPER  
- C. O. Jones

NORM IN THE REALITY STUDIO - Norm

THE UNDERRATED JOYS OF FISHING -  
Jones/Helium

(NOT SO) FAMOUS LAST WORDS

TRASH GALLERY FEATURE ARTIST - JEFF

JOIN SATANS FAN CLUB

PHOTO PAGE

# WHY WOULD KILL YOU...

The only reason I couldn't be bothered is that I wouldn't waste my time on an insignificant insect such as yourself. I've got better things to do than to take the life of someone that's already dead. Don't get me wrong, it's not that I wish to see you alive...you don't deserve life. You plod along never getting anywhere whilst you cop it in the back passage from your boss and the so-called powers that be.

You sit on your arse while this country sweeps its problems under a blanket of sporting achievement, not that I mind, the whole planet can collapse in its own shit for all I care, hell I'll be sipping beer and encouraging it. What I do mind is listening to fucks like you whinge and moan about it and never do a fucking thing about any of it. You wouldn't know how to take matters into your own hands if your life depended on it, and what's worse is your so fucked up you actually believe that the prats you voted for are going to take care of everything. How fucking dumb are you!?!.

You deserve to be snuffed because you're scared of your own shadow and don't deny it, and it's not just yourself you're scared of it's other people, your neighbours, your boss, your spouse, total strangers and even your own mother. Scared of them and scared to tell them

what you really think, on the rare occasions when you do think. You're so afraid to upset the proverbial apple cart. You have no balls mokey boy, or girl as the case may be, (although girl is probably the apt term in both cases). You may think you're popular because you have many friends and acquaintances, but you, as they do, surround yourself with people in the vain hope that you can take each other's minds of your nothing existence. You're insistence on intimate relationships stems from your own insecurity. You'd rather share the pain of your miserable existence with another than have to deal with it yourself, because you know you couldn't. You can't bear being alone can you? You'd be confronted with the bleakness of your putrid existence and your sensitive little self is simply unable to deal with a good hard look at the real you and you know your too gutless to take your own life so you choose to inflict the pain on someone else, but then they deserve you because they're as much of a loser as you are. And when that union of misery fails to fully push the boogy man of reality away you'll make your woeful life "complete" by introducing a child. And you'll more than likely screw that kid up so much they'll turn out to be just like you, fucked and fucked up. But you'll have

# FIRED UP WE BURNED

a real reason for existence when the child is born won't you? Something that will take your dribbling mind off your useless existence and looming death. I should kill you because you're spinelessness and your inability to stick up for your rights has a direct effect on me. My rights, my privacy my freedoms dwindle daily because the vast majority of you sheep, yes you too, sit on your fat, stupid butts and let the lawmakers strip away our rights and the few of us that do protest and do stick up for our rights, as well as yours motherfucker, are persecuted and treated as criminals and as being selfish for demanding the right of the individual over the "good of the nation". The real crime is that you still draw breath.

I'd kill you if I could be bothered because you simply don't have the guts to do what you want, you suppress your hopes, dreams and desires, and have the audacity to condemn those who do. You are envious of those that do as they please, of outlaws, heretics, iconoclasts and the free spirited because they remind you of your own spinelessness, they hit you in the face with what life could be like for you if you had a mind of your own. And you don't like to be remind that you are nothing do you?

You're too gutless to live out your true sexual desires, to gutless to disagree

with your bloodsucking boss, to gutless to tell off your significant other half because you're afraid to be alone.

I'd kill you if I could be bothered because you have the inability to expand your consciousness with drugs instead indulging in them for escapism. Escapism from the drudgery of your life, escapism from your loneliness, escapism from you inner hell, escapism from responsibility, escapism from the job you hate, escapism from the relationships you can barely tolerate. Escapism from yourself!!!

I could go on about the futility of your disgustingly mundane existence, but I've wasted enough energy on you already, and besides, if I chose to expend more energy on you I wouldn't be using it for writing... I'd kill you...but I simply couldn't be bothered, not out of laziness, but out of disgust.

# YOU AND YOUR

Thanks to the fucking X-files every prick and their goddamned dog is parading about with some sort of alien paraphernalia hanging off them somewhere. Alien T-shirts seem to have replaced Nirvana T-shirts as the clothing item to be seen in.

It's so damn hip to believe in aliens that it makes me near nauseous.

Have you clowns given any thought to the existence of aliens apart from the puerile "It's naive to think that life on earth is the only life in the universe." And that's usually about the extent of the argument, any attempts to elaborate are usually cumbersome attempts at guesstimated statistics.

Sure it maybe naive to think were all the universe has to offer, but do you really think that extraterrestrial beings are gonna look like the stumpy little greys that seem to be the preferred choice of alien lifeform. And beside, what real proof is there that these aliens exist? Von Daniken was slagged as being full of shit yet every one seems to be regurgitating the same unsubstantiated evidence he dribbled out all those years ago.

This 'phenomena' is more likely a way in which non-religious types try to seek non-earthbound answers. To accept their is a greater power or force than human kind residing in the heavens and at the same time remaining hip to '90's mentality by no resorting to fucked up and antiquated religions such as christianity and the like.

Let's just run through a few of the similarities shall we?

God or Jesus or whoever will come to earth and save us from our own destructive selves. Aliens will come and offer us technology that will save us from ourselves.

Apart from a few ratbags that couldn't provide enough physical evidence between the lot of them to prove the existence of god or aliens, there is little - if anything - more than hearsay.

Eyewitnesses? Well what about all those goofballs that claim God or Jesus or Mary came to them in the middle of the night or highway or wheatfield or dream or wherever?

Spotting the similarities yet?

There's even a good guy, bad guy scenario that aliens share with religion. On one hand you have those that wish to control mankind through - and for their own - devious means, and on the other hand the good seek to liberate us from these evil doers. Aliens with promises of a better world via their advanced technology. Religion with its promise of salvation via their own brand of spirituality.

And what about the anthropomorphisation of God into a humanoid being. Heaven forbid we should worship something that didn't look like us. And heaven forbid that aliens should look like nothing we've ever conceived let alone seen before.

If aliens have been visiting this planet since the year dot, then why has it only been since the advent of the science-fiction genre have we had an idea of what they look like? I'll tell you why, it's because science fiction made them up. That's fucking why!!!

Given the diversity of appearances of living creatures here on earth do you really think that aliens would be humanoid? What are the chances of an atmosphere even remotely similar to Earth's or even a remotely similar evolutionary path for that matter?

And don't give me any crap about Roswell. What the fuck does Roswell prove?!... apart from continued experiments in advanced flight technology, developed, I might add, in conjunction with Nazi rocket scientists...not fucking aliens!!! All the autopsy footage that you skywatchers got so wet about has been proven fake and anybody that has come out and said that they've worked at the hangers and there was aliens

# FUCKING

# ALIENS

is full of it. Do you really think the CIA, FBI or anyone else involved would let the likes of John Lear spill the beans. I don't think so. If anything they've been set loose in the public domain to take the heat of what really goes on.

I'm also sure as shit not going to buy that missing time garbage either. Let me quote (and this is only one item that goes towards debunking the alien myth. One more item I might add, than exists for proving the existence of your aliens); "Over the years certain journalists have asserted that the CIA has mastered a technology called RHIC-EDOM. RHIC means "Radio Hypnotic Intra-cerebral Control." EDOM stands for "Electronic Dissolution of Memory." Together, these techniques can - allegedly - remotely induce hypnotic trance, deliver suggestions to the subject and erase all memory for both the instruction period and the act which the subject is asked to perform.

RHIC uses the stimocceiver, or a microminaturised offspring of that technology, to induce a hypnotic state.

EDOM is nothing more than "missing time" itself - the erasure of memory from consciousness through the blockage of synaptic transmission in certain areas of the brain. If RHIC - EDOM exists, it goes along way toward providing an earthbound rationale for alien abductions - or at least, certain aspects of them. The phenomenon of "missing time" is no longer mysterious. Abductee implants both intracerebral and otherwise, are explained. And note the reference to the "recurring hypnotic state, reinduced automatically by the same radio command". This situation may account for the "repeater" abductees who, after their initial encounter, have regular sessions of "missing time" and abduction - even while a bed mate sleeps undisturbed.

Martin Cannon, "The Controllers - A New

## Hypothesis of Alien Abductions.

All a bit far fetched you say? And you have the audacity to expect me to believe in little grey ET's that zip to and fro between planets in flying fucking saucers!!! Who's living in the twilight zone huh?!! There's one sure fire way to find out the answer to that question - go and look in a mirror!!!

It's all a ruse you fools, to take your mind off what's really going on in this world. A way to give you hope for a future that is seeming bleaker day by day. Something to believe in as we hurtle towards the uncertainty of the new millennium. It doesn't look like God is going to bail us out, and anyway God ain't hip anymore. But what about them aliens, "Oh praise be to Unarius there is hope yet." Fools. Wake up and smell the wool that's been pulled over.

Aliens - A new religion for the 21st century (or just an old one in disguise).

Aliens - A new opium for the still gullible masses.

Aliens - At very least a new consumable.

*You and you're fucken aliens!!!*

# MEAT IS BAD FOR YOUR CUNT.

Women are vicious and vile creatures fit only for reproduction and violence. As they mature they become endowed with an ability to ensnare and enmesh their male counterparts. Their innate camaraderie, often called intuition, allows them an understanding which far surpasses any fledgling notions of 'male conspiracy'. This ingenious myth, coupled with an outrageous rereading of history seems to have spearheaded their final assault upon masculinity. Mass media has been usurped under the ridiculous cloak of patriarchy domination by the feminine guile. A mistaken rectification is taking place whereby women are supposedly regaining an equal footing when in the sober light of reality it is obvious to the impartial observer that women are in fact making a final push for the front, so to speak.

Legislation in the last two decades has seriously undermined the very fabric of our society. Women, through the proliferation of abortions, have effectively stolen the miracle of life from the natural coupling of the sexes into their own secret coven. The legitimising of guilt, the terrible way in which little boys are told that little girls are



MORE equal than them. All these factors evidenced in the rash of 'men's clubs' such as Men Against Sexual Assault, in the sickening inculcation of PC attitude in universities and the financial sector.

The blatant censorship of any portrayal of women as anything other than innocent nymphs and hapless victims of some ridiculous notion of nazi men. The true fascism of the situation would have to really be the condemners of abhorrent configs of the alphabet such as cunt. For whatever reason, the vilification of a word, the repression of a language, is an evil thing. It is the first move of the victor, to impose their newspeak.

In a related manner, females and felines are inextricably linked. The witch hunt myth does indeed contain a kernel of truth, layered beneath the rabid rhetoric. The very debunking of this fact, its relegation to fairy tale status is proof of the power of the 'femnazis, (to quote the masculinist Les Norton). Where there's smoke there's fire, I guess.

In conclusion, I firmly believe in testosterone enhancing activities such as beer and meat. Boys should have dogs, girls should have nothing and be kept in cages like battery hens.



# GIRL TALK!

Wow!  
I'm feeling so empowered today  
I may just go  
and fuck around!  
Wow!

Wow!

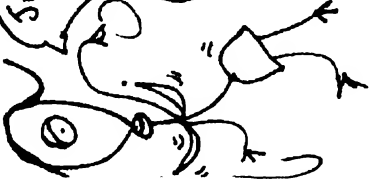
Yes! I'm be just  
like Anais Nin!

Ooh yes! Sexual  
ownership suits!  
Mongamy is  
so like patriarchy!  
Just Fuck!

Sissy Jester!  
If my man  
really loved  
me - he'd  
love my desire!

He's just frightened  
of your potential!  
They're all interchangeable  
anyway!

ONE COCK'S  
AS GOOD AS  
ANOTHER!!



# CONFESSIONS OF A SNOWDROPPER

Sport, art, hobby, cheap thrill or all four. The idea of stealing that which is most intimate to a woman. Her underwear. Most people have preconcieved ideas about snowdroppers, disgusting little perverts with no sex life, closet homosexuals, budding transvestites, sure all these types of people exist within the world as snowdroppers, but I'm going to introduce you to a few aspects of this particular fetishistic pastime that I indulge in that, to me, raise it out of the realm of the snivelling little pervy. If a woman's smalls are left unattended then by Lucifers butt they are fair game! To creep into a yard, to pilfer these most treasured of items brings an excitement that no mere burglar could ever know. To be caught stealing a video or t.v. is simply that, whereas to be nicked nicking knickers is something all together different - the implications, the assumptions and accusations. There is much more at risk snowdropping than there is at risk doing a straight forward b&e. But once you've tasted that adrenalin, regardless of the reason you desire the garments, nothing, shoplifting, auto-theft whatever can compare to a successful snowdrop.

One drawback is the anonymity that must be maintained. You can steal a car with your buddies or brag about the carton of fags you flogged the other day as you share the spoils with others or even earn some readies selling some jewellery or stereo equipment, but find people to confide in that your favourite pastime is pilfering the intimate apparel of women and see what happens, women's disgust would turn to distrust and males, well if your not bashed outright for being "a bloody poof", regardless of your sexual preference, then constant ridicule would see you cast from your peer group.

Years of snowdropping can develop a keen sense of adventure; daytime thefts, taking items from *inside* abodes while other people are present and smuggling the items home, taking from people you know then joining in on the conversations that arise as a result of the theft.

Here's a few things that I have amused myself with over the years.

Sending them back to their owners with unsettling notes, sending them back all cut up, sending them back with photos of dogs and cats wearing them, sending them back with photos of them sitting on a pile of opened, spread out porno mags. The list can and does go on. One project I'm currently undertaking is constructing a doona cover with my favourite pieces of ill-gotten gain.

Snowdropping is a sport, an art form, a hobby and a cheap thrill all rolled into one. If you choose to judge me that's fine for I know you do so out of misunderstanding and jealousy; misunderstanding not because I desire your sympathy in any way, hell no I get hours of fun out of it, but misunderstanding because you have no idea of the true nature of snowdropping. If I wanted womens undies simply to wear and jerk off in, I'd go and buy them, nobody these days give a rats arse when a bloke buys lingerie.

No, there's more to be gained from snowdropping than you could even imagine; creating that sense of violation, instilling fear,

paranoia, suspicion and disgust, the

sense of satisfaction knowing that you've upset someones meagre existence and made them, for a time at least, uncomfortable and hell it's a shitload of fun too!!!



# NORM IN THE REALITY STUDIO

G'day, the boys have asked me to write a column for their mag and they've left it entirely up to me as to what I choose as the subject matter. A wise move on their part, all though others may tend to disagree as I can be pretty fucking opinionated at times, but then again so can they. I think that's why I'm one of the few people they get along with. The Mountains are hardly a hive of mental activity at the best of times, people don't come here to think. And most of the ones with brains leave.

But enough, the chosen subject for this issue is the detrimental effects that the anti-smoking lobby has had on the game of Rugby-League.

Don't look so dumbfounded, pay attention and it will become that glaringly obvious you'll wonder why you hadn't realised it before, although I have a fair idea why it's never occurred to you, but I won't get into personal insults.

Now let me elaborate. The ARL/Super League fiasco was put down to Murdoch's pay T.V. bunch coming in and trying to deny the "average" aussie the right to watch their beloved footy - heaven forbid a foreigner should be involved in our footy (note sarcasm). So the ARL went to bat so they could keep the game within the grasp of the average fan...what a load of bollocks!!! And most of you ARL supporters swallowed their dribble - hook, line and sinker, and a hell of a lot of you are still swallowing.

Fact is Super League chiefs approached the ARL bosses with the view of making the game better all round...for everybody. Sure they had financial interests, they'd be stupid not to. The ARL said no, not because it gave a shit about the fans and certainly not because Super League is foreign. Much as they'd like you to believe both of those excuses. If foreign interests in the game are so disturbing to the ARL then why OPTUS (which is something like 50% foreign owned -or something to that tune) as major sponsor and NOKIA (a Finnish company) to sponsor the best and fairest medal? No the ARL went to bat for OPTUS not you, to keep Murdoch's Foxtel cables away from Optus' exclusive rights. It was essentially a battle between cable networks for rights to broadcast and the majority of the shit was caused by ARL stubbornness and staunch defence of the interests of their major sponsor. Not because they wanted to defend tradition. If that was their case then Optus would have been rejected as a sponsor by ARL right from the start and would have kept the game for exclusive use by the free to air broadcasters.

But the real reason the bickering even occurred was because the anti-smoking lobby insisted in pressuring the government and the ARL to ban tobacco sponsorship and as a result of these self-serving do-gooders the ARL's then major sponsor - Winfield - was removed and they had to go on the hunt for a new sponsor and to the rescue - Optus.

Now do you really think Ken Arthurson (ex-ARL boss) would have knocked back the Foxtel/Super League proposal if the footy was still sponsored by Winfield? I don't think so. Do you think he would have given a fat rat's arse if the ARL was sponsored by anyone else than a company with cable T.V. interests? I don't think so, and not one thing you can say can convince me otherwise.

So are you with me now? Do you understand that if the anti-smoking lobby had kept their interfering, whining, ex-smoking noses out of the Rugby-League all the crap of the last couple of years would not have happened. The ARL wouldn't have had to defend Optus' interest in the game.

Now it's just convincing all those die hard ARL boneheads that it wasn't the Super-League that fucked it all up. Next to the anti-smokers the ARL's stubbornness and defence of its Optus' interests - not yours - was the second biggest disaster in the whole affair. Get over it you tools!!! And while you're at it knock off the incredibly childish "It's My Game" crap. League is League, does it really matter what fucking channel it's on?! And if you can't afford cable then get a fucking job. You probably spend more each month on beer, cigarettes and junk food!

Oh, and for what it's worth my team is in the ARL.

# THE UNDERPATED JOYS OF FISHING.

Fishing - what a great sport! Truly underestimated by most people as an outlet for inflicting pain, suffering, humiliation and even disembowelment upon creatures without the sort of crap that hunters of other animals have to put up with from bleeding hearts activists going on about hurting our fellow creatures. We sure as hell weren't given opposing thumbs and superior intellect to stand around and look at things!!! And if you want to indulge in a bit of bloodsport without the pressure that say a white rhino or a duck hunter has to endure then fishing's your sport.

Surely very little in the sporting world can beat the sensation of knowing that after a bit of anticipation you've sunken a hook through the cheek of a fish and if Neptune is smiling then there's a fight to be had. Some fish just come on board (or shore) with just a few flicks of the tail and a bit of token defiance - an easily broken spirit. Sure it'll end up on the grill or as some more bait to allure that big one, but the real fun is having to fight, to wrestle the sucker out of the environment that up until very recently he had considered himself pretty smart in, and into the cold hard reality of your world.

A good fight can see, depending on the fish, anywhere from a few minutes to a few hours battling with a king of the deep. And if your hunting these suckers for food then your really getting in touch with the nature of your species.

Sure what chance could a fish possibly have against an angler you may wail - and I say plenty. If'n you don't use the right equipment and take the time to prepare yourself and your gear then you don't stand a snowballs hope in Hades. There's a lot of skill involved, and it's not all about gaining simple pleasures from acts of brutality. Although that's where a lot of the fun lies.

If the sucker in question is still kicking when you land his scaley behind then the act of sinking your (1)rusty fishing knife through its brain is pure joy, but it doesn't stop there either. Removing the head from a still living fish can turn into are rather enjoyable, messy procedure. But if you want mess then the best is

saved for last - the gutting.

Inserting a knife into the anus and slicing right up to the breast bone, inserting your fingers, or if your fortunate enough to land a biggun, your whole hand into the slit and and scooping, scraping and tearing out the viscera - intestines, lungs, bladder, stomach and the sometimes still beating heart.

And if you lack the patience to wait 'till you've hooked a live one. Then make sure a couple of friends and an ample supply of beer are present. You'd be surprised how much enjoyment and relaxation can be achieved destroying the lives of living creatures. And a lot of the time you can do it sitting on your bum.

## Some other tips for fishing enjoyment.

- 1). Crushing a still beating heart in your bare hands whilst thinking of someone you despise can usually put a smirk on your face. Tell your companions who your thinking of whilst you squashing the miniscule muscle can usually get some all in guffawing started.
- 2). Tossing a still kicking fish or crab to a playfull pup can proove a source of amusement.
- 3). Fish on LSD
- 4). Give the guts to your mate to post back with his stolen undies.
- 5). Use broken bottle necks for extra messy killing and gutting.
- 6). Take a video camera and film the killing and disemboweling and watch it later with your friends. (You could even use the footage when applying to the Australian Film, Television and Radio School or Uni arts courses).
- 7). Take a couple of golf clubs and practice your swing with the likes of toad fish. These suckers have a self defense mechanism that will cause them to puff up, and seeing as there no good to eat and shithouse for bait, they make novel golf balls. Try landing them on the decks of boats moored of shore.

**Tight Lines!**

# (not so) FAMOUS LAST WORDS

SPENDING MONTHS AND EVEN YEARS ON DEATH ROW WOULD SURELY MAKE EVEN THE MOST HARDENED CRIMINAL A LITTLE INTROSPECTIVE AND ALLOW THEM AMPLE OPPOTUNITY TO REHEARSE THEIR RESPONSE TO THE AGE OLD QUESTION "ANY LAST WORDS?" BUT IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO...

"O.K." Michael Van McDougall (injected Oct. 18th, 1990).

"Let's do it." Gary Gilmore (shot Jan. 17th, 1977).

"You can be a king or a street sweeper but everybody dances with the Grim Reaper." Robert Anton Harris (gassed Apr. 21st, 1992).

"I'd like to thank my family for loving me and taking care of me, and the rest of the world can kiss my ass." Johnny Garrett (injected Feb. 11th, 1992).

"Commute me or execute me. Don't drag it out." Jesse Bishop  
(gassed Oct. 22nd, 1979).

"Lock and load. Let's do it man." G.W. Green (injected Nov. 12th, 1991).

"That's it. Let's go." Johnny Taylor, Jr. (electrocuted Feb. 29th, 1984).

Smiled, winked and stuck his tongue out at witnesses. James William Hamblen  
(electrocuted Sept. 21st, 1990).

"I guess nobody is going to call." Edward Earl Johnson (gassed May 20th, 1987).

"No Sir." Robert Streetman (injected Jan. 7th, 1988).

(after injection) "I'm still awake." Robyn Leroy Parkes  
(injected March 10th, 1992).

"Yeah. I'd rather be fishing." Jimmy Glass (electrocuted June 12th, 1987).

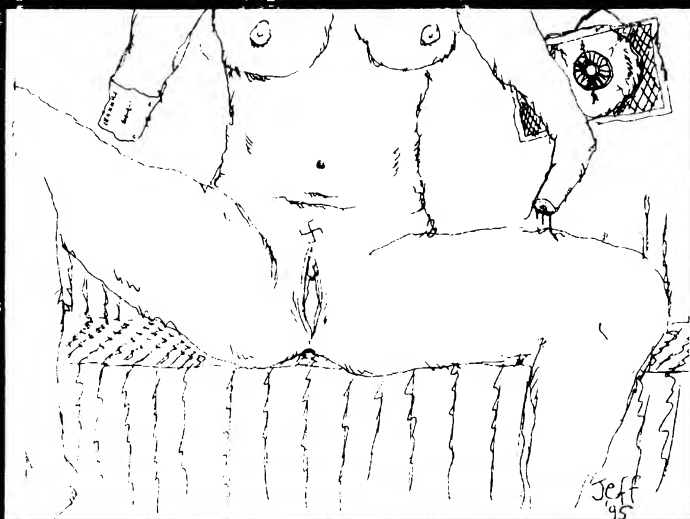
# TRASH GALLERY

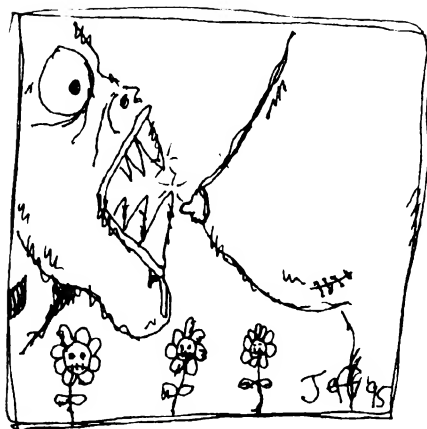
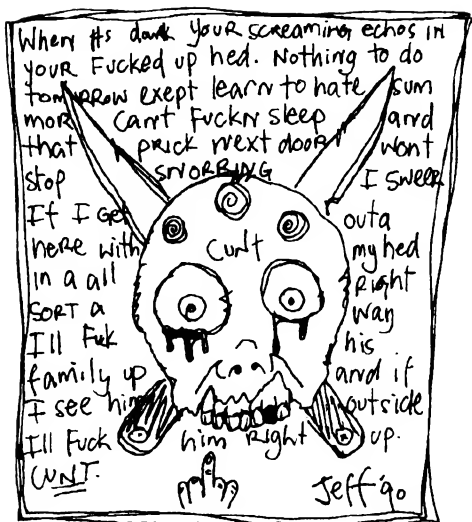
Jeff's a funny chap, in both senses of the word. We first met him at the Lapstone Hotel in downtown Blaxland, he was knocking back Sambucas and schooners of VB as if he hadn't had a drink in ten years and that's pretty much the case. After being at the pub for about two hours we noticed this chap at the bar casting glances in our direction, at first we didn't know how to take him, at just under six foot with short cropped hair, a wiry build that was all muscle and covered in all manner of homemade tats he cut a fairly anti-social figure and needless to say he was at the bar on his own. After a while I went to the bar to get another round of beers for myself and Jones and purposely stood next to this menacing looking pisshead whilst waiting to get served. He looked at me and I said that he looked like the sort of person that was likely to make a cunt out of himself before the night was over. He finished his beer without breaking eye contact and asked if I was the sort of person that would give him a reason to make a cunt out of himself, I told him there was already enough cunts around here without me making another one. He told me I wasn't too far wrong and asked what I was drinking. Jeff came and sat with Jones and myself and after the introductions he proceeded to tell us that

he had just spent eight years in Grafton jail for attempted rape, assault, assault with a deadly weapon, possession, resisting arrest and assault of a police officer, he initially only got six years, not bad considering he was far from a first offender, good lawyer he informed us, but spent an extra two years for some assault and drug offences inside. He also seemed to like the fact that we hated nearly as much as he did.

That was our first encounter with each other and myself and Jones have known him now for just under two years, his cynical, sarcastic nature and a healthy distrust of authority has made him a more than welcome guest at barbies and piss-ups. He always returns shouts and never turns up to your house empty handed, two vital traits in a human as far as Jones and myself are concerned. Anyway Jeff has a tendency to scribble if there is some paper and a writing implement handy and although his drawings aren't exactly the product of Paddington Art School the raw excesses that he portrays take Art Brut that little bit further into the realm Art Brutal.

We present here for the first time some of Jeff's drawings and remember in the immortal words of Jeff, "Pubs ain't for philosophy, they're for drinking, so get your carcass to the bar will ya!"





Jeff is contactable through SWT and is available to do drawings for mags, comics, posters and records. He has been known to tone his content down, or up, depending on the request. Signed original peices are available upon request.

JOIN

# SATAN'S



FAN CLUB

***Lucky you! You have been pre-approved to kiss my arse.***

Yes that's right people, simply send me \$10 measly Aussie buck and I will send you a stunning photograph of my anti-divine arsehole and a certificate giving you permission to kiss my arse.

All you have to do is kiss the photo and the world will be yours. You will be master of all you survey. All people will bow before you. Kiss my arse and the earth belongs to you. Is ten dollars too much to pay for yourr pathetic world? I don't think so!!! And Neither will you when the population of the world bows down before you and obeys your every command.

When you say "Jump!" they'll tremble in puddles of fear induced sweat and urine and ask "how high do you want us to jump. Oh Mighty One?".



I've been arse kissed by every PM and President in the history of the world and now the offer is within your grasp.

If you do not send your \$10 and do not kiss my arse you will be doomed to life on earth as an absolute nobody and the only guarantee you'll have is that your death will be slow and painfull...you have my word!

If you think Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned just wait 'till you see me pissed off. Just think of the torment you'll save yourself and the immense power you'll have.

If you think christ is coming back, guess again. That is only a myth created by fools, who are too stupid to kiss my arse, trying to comfort their measly existance from the terrible pain that awaits. christ's followers bestowed the half-man, half-god image upon him after that ego-maniac Alexander The Great came up with the idea. Same with Buddah and Mohammed, then they got some sicophants to write some neat things about them and before you know it everyone thinks their the ants pants.



I am the true salvation. Do you really think it's any of those other dweebs who claimed to be on a first name basis with God? The only time any of those monkey boys were in touch with God was under the influence of something, and how credible is that!?! Anyone can see "God" when they're off their trolleys.

Christ, on one of his loony ego trips, said "Get thee behind me, Satan." And in all honesty he pinched that one from me - for salvation is offered by kissing *my* arse.

You already belong to me or you wouldn't be reading this. Send your \$10 today and soon you'll be kissing my arse and be off the hook of my scorn. Don't wait tommorrow *will* be too late.

This is the real thing. I am the true God, I am your God. And for \$10 I can be your saviour too!! This is it - no second chances.

Send your money to my ambassadors and representatives at The Anti-Divine Church of Apocalyptic Savage.

I am capable of terrible destructive force. I have the goods on you. I can infest your mind with strange ideas that make you question your sanity. I know what you think and what you have done. You are a sinner. And for sinners to have power over the meek you must kiss my arse and unleash the power to master the Earth.



I \_\_\_\_\_ do pledge my measly \$10 to The Anti-Divine Church of The Apocalyptic Savage as representative here on Earth of Satan as I wish to kiss the Mighty Ones arse and dominate the weak and spineless throughout this pity forsaken planet.

Send my photo of the Dark Lords bottom, and certificate granting me and me alone the right to kiss his arse and become Lord of all I survey, to the following address...

---

---

---



# DO YOU PICTURE YOURSELF AMONGST THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE?



If you wish to appear on the SWT rogues gallery page with the likes of some of our favourite folk simply send a photo of yourself, and try and use some imagination. All those published will receive the next issue *gratis* plus what ever else we decide to send. Any photos containing SWT itself will be given special consideration. Your 15 minutes could be a snapshot and a postage stamp away!!!



S

W

T

WE GLADLY FEAST ON THOSE WHO WOULD SUBDUCE US

